WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world!
How can I work with small pink fists
About my fingers curled?

Then adieu to name and to fame!
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth
With its lips against my breast.
—Alice Williams Brotherton in The Century.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the St. Eustache church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock in trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel du Royaumont, built by Philippe Hurault, bishop of Chartes and abbe of Royaumont. Later on it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duelists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the resident surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds, were invited, with the duelists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

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It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duelists, a race to which Choquart evidently belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII, the swash bucklers of the Hotel de Royaumont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquart's mania for dueling, his ever recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of lisping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take a seat and say to a near neighbor:

"After you, The Figaro, please."

"[illegible] would politely respond, "it is not The Figaro but The Constitutionnel that I am reading."

"Oh! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or, by God! I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive manner, please!"

"I," expostulated the customer. "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquart would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful person could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like tucking up their sleeves and knocking Choquart down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquart one day entered a courtyard to challenge a master builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquart by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump and soused him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquart's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.

One night, at a masked ball, Choquart quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day Choquart, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well to do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint Martin quarter. On entering the premises Choquart inquired after M. Ballu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquart. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquart, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquart, "spits blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Hasn't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and placard his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquart's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass farthing whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquart took hold of my arm at the Varietes coffee house, and said:

"Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquart entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquart was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral draft indorsed six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquart, "the rogue is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"

"What did he do, the villain! Just listen and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance theatre. I walked into the greenroom in my dress suit. I am spare of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me and bawled out: 'Halloa, there goes the Fat Ox! Make way, please, for the Fat Ox!' Everybody roared at this sally. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow you shall be a dead man!'"

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but"——

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquart, as soon as he set his eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"M. Choquart!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquart—Choquart, do you hear, sir?—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife? She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, averred that you were on your last legs and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! M. Choquart," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquart, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you were a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Aglae, why don't you come? Here is M. Choquart who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquart's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then, again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I would like to have your opinion, M. Choquart."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquart, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"But"——

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gesticulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one lass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuileries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the king's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII, his majesty, turning toward the cup bearer, said: 'Hand that to Choquart, and give him my compliments.' Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquart, I assure you"—

"I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screeched Choquart, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquart, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit! I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen, and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like the planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquart, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?" So saying Choquart took up the ladle and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquart, as he leant over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir, 'twas a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the reason will be of service to him."

"God, in his goodness!" went on muttering Choquart. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come now, Choquart," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Ballu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquart, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner, Choquart recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquart died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received 500 francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters.—Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Villemot.

Shooting at the Shah's Yacht.

The shah of Persia is coming to Europe next April, and will visit all of the principal capitals, invitations having been received at Teheran from London, Petersburg and Paris. The shah is to travel overland, as his dignity will not permit him to cross the Caspian sea in a Russian steamer. The Persian flag was formerly paramount in these waters, but it has seldom been seen in the Caspian since a tragical affair which recently occurred at Backu. The shah's yacht was entering the harbor with the Persian flag flying, when a shot was fired from the fort, which struck the water near her. The Persian captain thought he was being saluted by the Russians, and pursued his course; but presently three more shots came in rapid succession, each one in more dangerous proximity to the vessel, wherewith he hauled down the flag. The Russians are morbidly tenacious on such points in eastern waters, but this manifestation of zeal was regarded as ill timed at St. Petersburg, the obnoxious vessel being a royal yacht, and it is said that the shah was so enraged that he caused his luckless captain's head to be chopped off.—London Truth.

Russia will celebrate, on Oct. 30, the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of her first railroad. The country has now 17,000 miles of railroad.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

TO DRAW THE SOUL AWAY FROM THE WORLD'S WICKEDNESS.

A Theory of Music as a Moral Force. Effects of Music in the Home—Two Young Collegiates—The Idle of the City.

It is wiser to prevent than to punish crime. Among the many worthy schemes for the prevention of crime, such as the Waifs' Mission, Newsboys' Home, Home for the Friendless, Foundlings' Home, etc., music has been more or less utilized, but has never been treated as a remedy in and of itself. It is easy to show how it may be made use of as a separate factor in the moral disease of our body politic:

First, then, idleness and vice are closer related than poverty and vice, for, as Emerson says, "a man's daily task is his salvation," and a busy poor man is less liable to temptation than a rich idler. It is to occupy the attention of those who are by force of circumstances or choice idle that the government should exert itself. The Roman rulers recognized this principle and gladiatorial contests, great sham sea fights and festivals were arranged to amuse the people. European dynasties carry out the same plan in different forms. Bands of music parade regularly and play in the open squares of all the large and many small cities of the continent, for the astute monarchs well know that the people forget their misery and poverty in the enjoyment of the music, and at the same time a patriotic feeling is awakened by military pomp and national hymns. It may be too much to say that Germany conquered France with "Die Wacht am Rhein," but no one can tell what might have occurred if the French soldiers could have had a new vigorous patriotic song to have marched to battle with as did the Germans. As surely as the patriotic sentiment should be cultivated, so sure is it that music should be encouraged. But it is of music in the home, at the fireside, that one should chiefly speak, for the hearthstone is the nursery of the nation, the cradle of honor or vice. Here is a family whose parents do not sing or play any instrument; their children grow up, and the ordinary games are soon worn out. A neighboring saloon has a fine barrel organ; here they congregate as often as expedient. Or some neighbor's boy has a mouth organ; they will crowd around him, follow him, and, charmed out of mischief, will pass many an innocent hour in as pure delight as a poet ever dreamed of. But they have no music "at home," and when they can't pick up some few itinerant strains they roam about, soon become petty thieves, and in time are mustered in at the Bridewell and join the army at the penitentiary. Another family picture in the same strata of life: The father plays the "fiddle," the mother learned to sing a little, and though the voice never knew the meaning of that mysterious phrase, "voice building," yet she could sing Sunday school tunes, a few comic songs, perhaps, and a ballad or two like "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." After supper and on Sundays the children, and now and then a neighbor's children, gather around and are led through the mazes of "Virginia Reel," "Fishers' Hornpipe," or some "Carnival of Venice" with variations, while the mother's voice sounds sweeter to the little ones than Patti's as she sings her favorite song or leads in some hymn, like "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," in which all can join. These children spend their evenings mostly at home. Soon the oldest learns to play a flute, and by great economy a cabinet organ is provided for the sister, so that a family orchestra is finally established, and the years roll around while these hearts expand in harmony and the waves of temptations beat in vain against this fortress of music.

These are pictures among the poor. Among the rich it is worse, because the life is more complex. Take the career of two young men sent to college at the same age. One had parents who sang in church, had their children sing at home and even had them instructed in piano playing (to be sure, the teacher was a poor girl, whom they patronized from a feeling of charity; and her instruction was very mild). The other didn't like music, endured it only at church as a necessary evil, taught his boy that all musicians were fools, or worse, etc. The first one whiled away his spare hours at college with piano playing, joined the glee club and took a pride in his music as an accomplishment. He comes home, and the first thing after settling down his mother finds him at the piano singing some college songs. He goes to church as much for the music as the sermon, and joins in the hymns; is on good terms with the organist, cultivates the acquaintance of Professor Blank, the pianist, and finally joins an amateur musical club, where he spends one night each week regularly.

The other boy is a good sportsman, with a liberal hand in gambling. His muscle is the largest in his class. He knows all the best oarsmen, best prize fighters and fastest horses in the country. Upon his arrival at home the club house or the pool room is his first care, and then the races and the companionship of fast men. It is but one step more to the companionship of questionable characters, and if this young man does not turn up in the police court some morning under an assumed name it will be strange or owing to stinginess or a special providence.

There are hundreds and thousands of idle men in a city like Chicago. Is it not better to occupy their thoughts with music than to leave them to brood over their misfortunes and rub the itch of their poor opinions until they become scabs on the body politic? A city band of music performing each day in a public place would draw to it many who would otherwise be in mischief, and it would pay to engage thirty or forty men by the year to play regularly every day.

We hire a small army of men to keep filth and garbage from accumulation in our streets. Is not the accumulation of mental and moral garbage just as dangerous? The pure and inspiring effect of a good band of music will act as a disinfectant, purifying the condition of mental depravity as no other medium can. Again, scores of men are engaged in beautifying our parks and drives, which the poor cannot enjoy because they are so far away. If the money of the taxpayers can thus be used to pay for flowers to delight the sense of sight of rich people, who own carriages, can it not be justly appropriated to buy music for the poor? It is time our people began to think of these things, and consider if it is not as wise to amuse the poor as to entertain the rich; if it is not wiser to prevent than to punish crime.—Chicago Herald.

In a Hotel Lobby.

A man who spent three hours the other day in the lobby of the Palmer house, Chicago, gives the following statistics about the people who came in during that time: One legged men who came in, 47; one armed men, 18; men who wore glasses, 40; men who wore mustaches, 100; men who wore full beards, 59; men who had no hair on their faces, 78; men who wore Prince Alberts, 130; men who didn't, 100; men who went into the bar, 110; men who came in and sat down and said nothing, and then got up and went out, 180.—New York Tribune.

SHAPELY AND EASILY FITTED.

Hands of Country Girls and the Kind of Gloves They Wear—Gloves for Men.

"How do you find New York ladies' hands?"

"Comparatively small," said the girl at the glove counter. "They average between 5¾ and 6¼, but of course there are exceptions. Why, just before you came in I spent nearly three-quarters of an hour tugging and pulling at a No. 6 glove trying to get it on a hand that needed a 7¼. The woman was a society leader, and her diamonds would make me happy enough to leave here and get —— well, never mind that," and she blushed. "She may have worn a 6 five years ago, but she has no use for 6s now. What she wanted was 7½s."

"And what was the other class?"

"Oh, yes. They are the country girls. You smile, because you think of large, coarse, red hands, smelling of butter and milk. The girls do have a refreshing look, and smell of the country, and I'd rather wait on 100 of them, saturated as they are with nature's perfumes, than on one society woman washed in lily of the valley. Honest, I would. Country girls' hands are small and white as any society girl's who never did a stroke of work in her life. I cannot explain it, and I am not going to try, only it is a fact. There's a funny thing about them, too. Their hands are always shapely and easily fitted with gloves. As a usual thing they want plain, bright colors, such as tan, yellow, blue or dark green; the brighter the better for them. The society girl wants something recherche like 'mignonette,' 'putty,' 'ashes of roses,' 'wood tints,' 'moonbeam' and all neutral tints. They must have a glove to match every one of their dresses."

"And how about men?"

"Well, they are charming. I don't say that because I'm a woman. Men always come in and give their number, say what color they want and don't take up any time at all. Usually they take some shade of tan or plain black. A great many men who are fastidious without it being known always wear black gloves. They know the secret that a black glove always makes the hand look smaller. Speaking of black reminds me that mourning styles in gloves change as often, almost, as it does in dresses. Some years ago it was the style to wear a black dressed kid for deep mourning, and now the sorrow is softened by wearing undressed kids in black. A society lady whom I know very well, because she buys all her gloves here, bought six pairs of undressed mourning gloves when her pet dog died, last spring. That may sound nonsensical, but it is the truth nevertheless. For full dress, chalk white and cream and pearl are the real tony shades, and—ah, yes I came near forgetting the dudes. I don't mean athletic society young men, but real dudes, who talk like babies and lisp. They are just too funny anything. They come in and look over a box or two of gloves, stretch them to see how tight the kid is when on the hand, and I have had them ask me to let them see the glove by gas light. Oh, they're up to all sorts of tricks, the dudes are."

The pretty, tired looking shop girl sighed, brushed back her brown Langtry bang, and went to lunch. Like the policeman's, the glove clerk's lot is not a happy one.—Belle Archer in New York Star.

A Night at Maginnis'.

Deputy Coroner Johnston was sworn and deposed:

"Last night about 11 o'clock, your honor, I was standing in the door of the morgue when a man came through Dunbar alley. He was bare headed, his nose was bleeding, and he was all covered with sawdust.

"'Hello!' I said; 'you're in pretty bad luck. What's the matter with you?'

"'Oh, nothin',' he said; 'I've just been over to Maginnis'.'

"About three minutes later another man came into the alley limping badly. One of his eyes was swollen dreadfully and his cheek was bloody.

"'Well,' I asked, 'what policeman clubbed you?'

"'No policeman, young feller,' he answered; 'I've just been over to Maginnis'.'

"A third man appeared pretty soon, looking like a total wreck. Somebody had stepped on the fingers of his left hand. They were all broken and dangling like so many sausages.

"'Ah,' said I, 'what's happened to you?'

"'Not much in particular. I've just been over to Maginnis'.'

"I went inside, your honor, and presently I perceived a face peering through the window of the morgue from the outside. It was the worst banged up face I ever saw. The forehead was skinned and gory, the eyes were mere lines on mounds of discolored flesh, and the lips were like two slices of cantaloupe. All his front teeth were knocked out and blood was dripping down on his shirt front.

"'Well,' I said, going to the door, 'what do you want, my friend?'

"'I'm looking for the receiving hospital.'

"'Been over to Maginnis'?' I inquired.

"'Maginnis' be dashed,' said he; 'I'm Maginnis himself.'"

"Yes," affirmed Mr. Johnson, "I recognize the prisoners in the dock as the four men. I presume the gentlemen met later and resumed the discussion."

Decision reserved.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Baby at a Matinee.

A baby entertained a Wednesday matinee audience at a Broadway theatre. The play had failed, and fewer than a hundred persons were there to see it. The performers had accepted the verdict of rejection by the public, and were disposed to gag and guy. The one comedian in the company who had been able to make any fun with his role was incapacitated by illness, and had to be omitted much of the time. It was a doleful occasion. A farce with hardly any audience to laugh at it is exceeded in gloom only by one which cannot provoke a smile on one out of a hundred faces. No mental barometer could have measured the depression of spirits in the auditorium, but it was, nevertheless, much less there than on the stage. When it was at its worst an infant escaped from its possibly slumbering mother, toddled lonesomely down the aisle, steadied itself at the orchestra rail, got its first impression of thunder right from the blaring mouth of a big bugle, and fell backward with a wail of horror. The roar of laughter astounded the actor who happened to be at the footlights. Nothing like that had been heard that week in the house. He looked down and saw the cause of the merriment. "Come up here, little one," he said, "we need you."—New York Sun.

The Salmon Held in Aversion.

The fishermen in Scotland declare that the salmon's tail is pointed "since Loki became a salmon, and was caught by that appendage while slipping through a net set for him by the gods." Curious to say, in some parts of Scotland the salmon is held in great aversion, its name not even being mentioned. Thus in certain districts it is known as the "so-and-so's fish," and in others as "the beast."—Chicago News.

Is Walking Injurious?

Fast walking, it is claimed, is injurious to the complexion. It pumps the blood into the head, and does more to ruin the English and Scotch complexions than all other influences combined, for the English and Scotch women walk more vigorously than Americans.—Chicago Times.